



BY C. S. YOST

passengers had dined and as the train moved on, the passengers gathered in that the interior of the car. For a time no words were spoken, for the passengers were all looking at the man in the corner. "Oh, they got every cent that was coming to them," Jim's honest when he said that. "I don't know what those people back in Massachusetts think he's the greatest man on earth, but it is the purest case of bull luck I ever saw." "Yes," said the man who looked like a Harvard professor, but was really a Los Angeles real estate dealer. "Yes, many people say there's no such thing as luck, but no really observing man can deny the fact that fortune doesn't always use good judgment in bestowing her favors. Some folks say that the individuals we call lucky have just a little more foresight or energy or some other highly desirable quality than the rest of us, and that their luck is no more nor less than their legitimate reward, but that's all poppy-cock. Examples of pure and undeserved luck have been piling up ever since our daddies lived high up in the coconut trees." "For instance," suggested the red-headed man in the corner. "For instance?" repeated the real estate man. "Well, I had no particular instance in mind, but just by way of illustration I'll tell you the story of Timothy Dexter. It happened a long time ago, but it's none the less true and none the less to the point. Timothy was a Boston man, but illiterate. That sounds like a paradox, but I'll venture to say that there are people living in Boston today who know absolutely nothing about the nebular hypothesis. Timothy couldn't tell A from Z and he knew as little about the world outside of New England as he did about Caesar's commentaries. But he was a shrewd trader and somehow or another the fates and the seasons seemed to stand like messengers before him, waiting for him to give orders. Everything he looked at turned into money, and of course he got rich. One night a wag came to Timothy and with a great show of secrecy informed him that there was a pressing demand for red flannel vests and warming pans in Cuba, and a fortune could be made if a cargo of these New England necessities of life could be shipped to them at once. Timothy hadn't the remotest idea where Cuba was and knew still less about its climate, but the prospect looked good to him and without saying a word to anybody he proceeded to buy up all the red flannel vests and warming pans in sight. Then he chartered a schooner and loaded it to the guards. The skipper was also a Yankee, but he had been all over the world of water and knew Cuba like a book. He tried to make Timothy understand the situation, but the old man wouldn't listen to reason and swore by all the rocks in New England that the schooner would carry that cargo of flannel vests and warming pans to Cuba or founder on the way. So the skipper shut his teeth hard and sailed away. And now this is where luck stepped in for Timothy. The schooner reached Havana all right and while the skipper was wandering around trying to see a clear way out of his fool's errand he chanced to meet a Norwegian captain who had been in the harbor for weeks trying to dispose of a cargo of pine timber from his native land. Something or other had happened to the man to whom the lumber had been shipped, and nobody else seemed to be looking for Norwegian pine at a price. But the new England skipper happened to know that there was a big demand for lumber just then in Jamaica, so he got chummy with the Scandinavian and over their cups he divulged his own troubles. The lumber captain grew interested at once. Red flannel vests were popular at Norway, hard to get and expensive, so he proposed a trade, and after some close dickering, in which Timothy's captain insisted on and got a nice sum to boot, the deal was closed and in a few days the exchange was made. The Norwegian sailed away happy and the Yankee put out for Kingston as fast as his schooner would take him. He sold his lumber without the least trouble and made a big profit on it. Then he returned to Havana.

"The warming pans were the next problem, and here for a time he was stuck. Nobody in Cuba had ever heard of a warming pan, and had no more use for them than they had for snowshoes. But something had to be done with them, and the skipper was too conscientious to dump them overboard. So he fooled around Havana for days trying to figure out some way to get rid of them. One day he happened to make the acquaintance of a sugar planter, who took a fancy to him and invited him out to his plantation. Having no better way to kill time the skipper accepted the invitation, and within a week he was the honored guest of the Cuban, who, with the usual hospitality of that delightful country, urged him to consider the entire estate his own. The skipper grew very much interested in the method of making sugar, which at that time was quite primitive. I suppose you all know the process. The cane is passed between heavy rollers, to extract the juice, and then the juice is put into large kettles and boiled until the sugar crystallizes. It was while watching the boiling that an idea struck the captain. He noticed that a scum continuously rose to the surface of the liquid, and this the workmen had to remove. For this purpose they used thin wooden paddles, and with these crude implements the operation was very slow and the results far from satisfactory.

"Now, as you probably know, the old-time warming pan was a shallow tin vessel, with holes punched in the bottom, and had a long handle attached. The good old New England housewife used to fill this pan with live coals and pass it over the sheet, so that the bed would be nice and warm when one got into it."

"That was a great scheme," broke in the red-headed man, "and if we used them nowadays, instead of going to bed in overheated rooms, we'd all be healthier."

"That's no lie, either," said the drummer from Kansas City, with cheerful approval.

"You're quite right," assented the real estate man, as he relighted his cigar. Then he continued:

"Well, the skipper remembered that when his mother used to make lard she used a skimmer which wasn't so very much unlike a warming pan. As it had a long handle and was full of holes. It occurred to him that with a little modification sugar skimmers could be made out of his warming pans that would be a great improvement on the wooden paddles. So he hastened back to Havana, and in a few weeks he had every one of those pans transformed. It took a little time to impress the Cubans with the merits of the new skimmer, for they're a mighty conservative people, but when they got the idea well settled in their heads they had to have them. The demand was so great that the rush almost swamped the boat, and those old warming pans sold for prices that would have made Plymouth rock turn over on its bed if it could have known. Well, to end a long story the skipper got back to Boston with a mint of money, and Timothy Dexter once more congratulated himself on his business ability, but so far as he was concerned it was luck, and nothing else."

"There was a meditative silence for a few minutes, during which the smoke thickened perceptibly, and then the drummer from Kansas City opened his mouth.

"You gentlemen have won your case and I'm not going to offer any argument in opposition," he said, "but we can't overlook the fact that there's two kinds of luck, good and bad, and I'll bet a dollar against a bone collar button that bad luck strikes oftener and hits harder than good luck any day in the week."

"Well, if you've got a story, go ahead and get it off your chest," urged the red-headed man in the corner.

"All right, bardner, I'm coming to it," answered the drummer. "Now, I had a little experience last March that's

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DANIELS OFFERS YOU

A Suit from \$25 to \$40 Value for

Twenty Dollars \$20 Twenty Dollars

This habit of paying fifty or sixty dollars for a SUIT is all folly. If you let me make your clothes you get three garments for what you pay for one, and you can stand beside your fellow friend as well dressed as he who has paid double, and maybe more, than you. Think of a store where there's displayed woollens of the finest and most up-to-date mills in the world. I dress any man, no matter what his station in life may be, with the same untiring attention to each customer. I want to dress every man within my reach.

PERFECT FIT OR NO SALE HERE.

Owing to the vast volume of business in Salt Lake and vicinity I have a few uncalled-for Suits that I will close out at half prices. Come in and see if they will fit you.

Out-of-Town Customers Send for Samples and Self-Measurement Blanks.

DANIELS, Tailor, 57 West Second South St.

Be sure and get the right number.

a pretty fair illustration of the kind of luck that isn't good. It was up in Idaho and the show along the track was from six to ten feet deep. Our train was running in two sections, with a theoretical five minutes between each, and I was comfortably fixed in the smoking compartment of the rear sleeper of the first section. The night was clear and the moon was shining with unusual brilliancy. I have never seen a more beautiful sight than the snow-clad mountains and valleys presented on that evening. I stepped out onto the back platform to get a better view, and found the conductor and brakeman there. We were pulling slowly up a rather heavy grade, and far down the track the headlight of the second section's engine was plainly visible, although it was probably several miles away. We had chatted for a little while, when I noticed that the headlight had grown larger, and, as I watched, it continued to grow. Soon I could distinguish the outlines of the locomotive, and then I began to worry. "John," I said to the conductor, who was an old acquaintance, "if that section don't check up it'll run into us. It's moving a good deal faster than we are."

"Oh, he'll check up all right," the conductor assured me, but he didn't check. He kept on comin' closer and closer. I insisted there was something wrong, but they laughed at me. I admit that I was a little scared, but I didn't like to show it. When the engine was only a few rods from us and still coming, the brakeman shouted: "That feller's asleep! He ain't a-goin' to stop! Better jump!" I didn't stop to argue the point. I jumped. I landed in a snowdrift eight feet deep and went clean to the bottom of it. The sleepy engineer didn't wake up until he struck the other train, and he hit it a jolt that broke all the drawheads and smashed things up pretty considerable otherwise."

"Anybody hurt?" anxiously inquired the red-headed man.

"Nobody but me," answered the drummer, with tears in his voice, "and that's where the luck comes in. Before they had fished me out of the snowdrift my ears were frost-bitten and I took a chill that laid me up for a week in the worst hotel in Idaho."

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BIKE RACE EXCURSION

To Ogden, Sunday, June 3.

Via D. & R. G. Trains leave Salt Lake 10:25 a. m., 10:35 a. m., 1:45 p. m. and 5:05 p. m. Returning leave Ogden at 11 p. m. Races at 8 p. m. at Glenwood park saucer track. Magnificent canyon trip to the Hermitage in the afternoon. Everybody invited.

LOGAN SOCIETY

Special to The Tribune.

LOGAN, June 2.—The reception given at the A. C. college on Tuesday evening by the A. C. Woman's club was the largest affair of the week. The library, where the guests were received, was brightened with spring flowers and beautiful pieces of statuary were placed about, making a pretty effect. The A. C. Woman's club has always worked in the interest of the college, but this year it outdid itself by presenting the college with a beautiful statue of "Discobolus." The cast was unveiled at 10:30 o'clock. By Mrs. Willard Langton and Miss Elizabeth Smith, and was presented to the college with an appropriate address given by Mrs. George H. Champs. President Kerr then responded in his usual charming manner, thanking the club ladies in behalf of the college. An orchestra was in attendance and during the evening, about two hundred guests were present, among them being Steadman and Messers. W. S. Langton, A. M. Fleming, O'Brien, Wing, Odell, Ball, Bexel, F. W. Thatcher, Hendrickson, Cardon, Leroy Cardon, G. W. Thatcher, Walters, Campbell, J. T. Caine, Jardine, Ballard, Kerr, Hansen, Mayor Robinson, S. O. Stevens, Cobb, Newbold, Chas. Cook, Misses Smith, McAllister, Hattie Smith, Cardon, Genevieve and Veda Thatcher, Quayle, Elsie Smith, Raymond, Felsch, Julia Nibbey, James Egan, man, Caine, Egbert, Maud Egbert, Brown, Jensen, Messrs. Hansen, Garff, Brown, Thatcher, Hansen, Caine and McKay, Preston Nibbey.

Miss Eva Knox was guest of honor at a luncheon given on Friday afternoon by Mrs. Kate Christensen and Mrs. Lee Thatcher. The cozy home of Mrs. Christensen was daintily arranged with spring flowers and potted plants. A delicious lunch was served and Miss Knox was the recipient of many dainty gifts. Those present were Mrs. Seth Langton, Mrs. Jepperson, Mrs. Mose Thatcher, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Anna Knox, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Lucy Kimball, Mrs. Preddy, Mrs. Mose Thatcher, Jr., Mrs. N. W. Kimball, Miss Daisy Andrews, Miss Veda Thatcher, Miss Green, Miss Florence Eliason and Mrs. McLaughlin.

The A. C. Woman's club was delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fleming on Wednesday evening. Music and cards were served, and dainty refreshments were enjoyed. Those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Guy Thatcher, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Prof. and Mrs. G. H. Champ, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thatcher, President and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. T. Naylor, Mrs. Sora Eliason, Mrs. Raymond, Miss Wyatt, Miss Wilkenson, Miss Bowman, Mrs. Cook, Prof. and Mrs. Ball and Prof. Arnold.

The faculty of the P. Y. college entertained at large and delightful dancing party at the college Thursday evening, in honor of the graduates. The gymnasium was artistically decorated for the occasion, and the full orchestra was present. Light refreshments were served, and over two hundred guests were present.

Mrs. S. B. Milton was hostess Friday afternoon at a very pleasant Kensington. Music was one of the pleasant features, and Mrs. Milton's guests were Mrs. Zina Card, Mrs. M. R. Newham, Mrs. Shelton, Mrs. Mary

PROVO SOCIETY

Special to The Tribune.

PROVO, June 2.—Mr. and Mrs. George Havercamp left Friday for Cincinnati. Before returning they will visit New York and other Eastern points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Sutton of Park City spent a few days in the city this week, visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Katie Chipman has returned to her home in American Fork after a pleasant week spent with Lucile Knowlton here.

Mrs. Len Corey and son of Salt Lake spent a few days in Provo visiting friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thompson of Salt Lake have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Beck for several days.

Mr. Horace Merrill is home from Baltimore, where he has been taking a course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Mrs. Gertrude Page entertained Tuesday evening at a buffet shower in honor of Miss Anna Douglas. About twenty young ladies were present.

Mrs. Della Teasdale is visiting friends in Nephi.

Mrs. Reed Smoot returned home from Washington, D. C., on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. P. Sutton spent Friday in Springfield.

Friday afternoon the Nineteenth Century club was entertained by Miss Josephine Kellogg. All last members were invited and a social session was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richey and Postmaster Davis and wife of Ogden were in Provo for a few days this week.

Misses Angie Holbrook, Alice Reynolds and Nellie Scofield left Monday for an extended European trip.

Mrs. W. B. Searis is spending a few weeks in Salt Lake, the guest of her sister, Mrs. St. Clair.

A pleasant social event of the past week was the china shower given for Miss Douglas by Mrs. Van Wagner and Mrs. Perry Bush. Many pretty pieces of china and cut glass were received. Guessing games and music were the amusements of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Brown of Salt Lake are the guests of Mrs. D. R. Beebe.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins of Peola are spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. Willis of Ector and Vida Bee and Maud Hubbard are the guests of Mrs. D. R. Beebe.

The Priscilla club was entertained Saturday evening by Miss Edna Bullock.

The annual reunion of the Brigham Young university was held Thursday at College hall. In the forenoon a splendid programme was rendered, and Professor E. E. Hinckley gave the alumni address. The banquet was served at 1 o'clock, at which W. E. Rydahl was toastmaster. The day's festivities concluded with a grand ball in the evening. About 200 guests were present.

The Heidelberg Cafe Annex, upstairs now open. Imported German beers on tap; German lunches our specialty. Strictest rules of etiquette always observed. 7 and 9 E. 3rd St.

GREAT SALE OF CITY LOTS

IN POPLAR GROVE ADDITION TO SALT LAKE CITY on a weekly payment plan of \$1 cash and 50c a week without interest or tax, at prices ranging from \$125 to \$185 for corners.

This addition is a fifteen-minute ride from Postoffice; has graded streets, water mains on its south side, electric lights, city school, and a fine row of large trees around each block. There are 18 houses in the addition now, 2 stores, meat market, church, greenhouses, and the electric cars run along two sides of the addition. Take the Poplar Grove car on Main street. Investigate this property and you will readily see that it is one of the best opportunities ever offered for a real estate investment in this city, and the terms are so liberal that any one can afford to buy one or more of these fine lots. Don't miss this opportunity.

All lots will be staked and numbered, and an office in the addition open from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m. Abstract of title furnished with each deed.

E. B. WICKS, No. 60 South State Street